Congo News Letter.

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HILDA J. BAIN

Mrs. Hilda Johnson Bain, who died at the home of her son in Corning, Iowa, on February 8, 1937, was born in Halland, Sweden, May 17, 1866. Her parents were the first Baptists in Halland and were ridiculed as heretics. In order to better provide for their children, both materially and spiritually, they went to America in 1869. In May, 1884, Hilda Johnson was baptized at Gibbon, Nebraska, and united with the Baptist church of that place. She was educated in the public schools of Nebraska, at the Baptist Theological Seminary at Gibbon and in the Central University, Pella, Iowa. She was graduated from the Baptist Missionary Training School in Chicago in 1894.

In October, 1894, she sailed for Belgian Congo and upon arrival was married to Rev. Alexander L. Bain of Banza Manteke. Together they served at Banza Manteke and at Sona Bata. In February, 1913, they were transferred to Lukunga, where they remained until May, 1916. In 1921 Mr. and Mrs. Bain returned to the United States because of ill health and in June, 1922, Mr. Bain died. Two years later Mrs. Bain returned to the field of their labors and was designated

to Vanga. After three years she went home, broken in health, expecting never again to be able to work in Congo. But in the fall of 1930, restored in health, she returned to serve on the Congo Bible Revision Committee, representing the A.B.F.M.S in that important work. In December, 1931, she was called to Vanga, there to work until her retirement in September, 1936.

THE COMING OF MAMA BAIN

I became the servant of Mr. Bain upon his arrival from Mukimvika. Nguankazi (Great Uncle, name given to Mr. Richards) chose me to be his servant to wash his clothes and cook his food and work in his house. Mr. Bain first married his first wife. She died at Mukimvika and her child also. After that he was chosen by the conference of mindele (white men) to go to Banza Manteke.

When he had been at Banza Manteke a year and a half he took me with him to Matadi. At that time Mr. Biggs and his wife were there under the A.B.M.U. After three days we went in a Portuguese steamer to Banana. There we met the German steamer which brought Miss Hilda Johnson. Mr. Bain was very happy to meet his bride and they kissed each other in love. After two days we arrived at Matadi at ten o'clock, and at four o'clock on that day they were married by the state.

After two days we stood up in the foot path until Banza Manteke. Mrs. Bain was very eager to help people in the house of medicine and was greatly loved by many for that work.

Josua Malutama

AN APPRECIATION

I first met Mrs. Bain on my arrival at Banza Manteke, in the summer of 1895, for Mr. and Mrs. Bain were stationed there at that time; she had come in December, 1894. I remember our taking turns nursing a sick missionary that fall, when everybody else was away from the station, and our fright and anxiety as he grew worse and died before the other missionaries for whom we had sent, arrived.

Many years later, Mr. Bain and Dr. Leslie toured the whole field of the Cuillo District in Portuguese Congo, while Mrs. Bain and I anxiously awaited their return. Afterward they were joined by Mr. Metzger and Mr. Moody and then Vanga was decided upon as a future station.

After Mr. Bain's death, Mrs. Bain returned to Congo at the very urgent call of Dr. Leslie. He was badly in need of a furlough and the medical work had become very important. It was thought she might be able to carry on the work in his absence. She arrived in November, 1924, and later came to Vanga. We left in 1925 and she carried on the medical work until the arrival of Dr. Osterholm in April, 1926. Before we returned in the fall of 1926, Mr. Nugent died and Mrs. Nugent was unable to look after the girls' work, which she had been doing, so Mrs. Bain was given that work. She fitted in splendidly, helped in the women's work and special classes we were having for women of the neighboring towns. She put her whole soul into the developing and teaching of our girls, many of whom are now in the villages helping their husbands, the teachers and evangelists of the

district. She was a most loyal friend and our love and fellowship grew as we worked together.

I find among my papers this little note written Christmas, 1926: "My second Christmas at Vanga. Last year and this were the biggest celebrations I have had in Congo." She loved the people and willingly and lovingly gave her all for the work. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." How we rejoice that while after the years pass we may be forgotten here "God does not forget your work and labor of love which ye have showed toward His name". Those of you left to carry on can say in Dr. Torry's words:

"When we recall the loved and blest,
Who now have entered into rest;
We take the work that they laid down,
And hope with them to wear the crown."

Clara Hill Leslie

THE BAINS AT LUKUNGA

We have just heard the sad news that Mama Bain has gone to the Lord Jesus to rest from her work. When we heard this we were reminded of the time when she came with Tata Bain to their work, the time of their first arrival at Lukunga. There was no doctor and Tata Bain became very sick with fever. Our one and only prayer to God was that our teacher might become well enough to be carried with Mama Bain to Tumba. Tata Nzambi (God) answered our prayer and our teacher was healed. When they

went to be helped by Dr. Sims at Matadi I, Budimbu, went with them.

When they were sufficiently strong they returned to Lukunga to teach us. Mama Bain took up the school work for boys and girls. One day she went on an itinerary and arrived at the village of Ndunga. The people of the village would not allow her to sleep there. At that time the people did not want the people of God and their teaching. Because of that she passed by that village.

On that itinerary she had much trouble with carriers. Two men who worked on the push-push kept drinking malavu (palm wine). These men complained and found fault with the teaching of Mr. Bain. On the day we arrived in the village of Mboto, Mama Bain was very tired, because the way from Nkonzi to Mboto was very rough and covered with tall grass and the men on the push-push did not give sufficient help. We rejoiced, however, in this trouble because some people were saved, and amongst them was one of the push-push men who was converted and remained faithful until his death.

Tata Bain is remembered by the people of Lukunga for making an outlet for a spring through a swamp to the river. When he had drained the swamp he planted bamboo to hold the earth.

He went also with Tata Moody, Captain Metzger and Dr. Leslie and two brethren, Filipo Luamba and Samuel Mpambu, on a tour of investigation. They entered five rivers. One day some natives came to steal the goods of the boy of Captain Metzger. Tata Bain saw them. On this trip they had much trouble because of the water. Filipo Luamba fell overboard

and was greatly frightened. However, he was rescued and returned to the steamer. They saw much trouble to cut down the forest and prepare the place for the station at Vanga. Tata and Mama Bain were both very zealous for the work of God in the churches.

Aloni Budimbu

MEMORIES

I just must let you know how sad I felt about the passing of dear Mrs. Bain. It was so unexpected when word came to Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Wickland in Pasadena that Mrs. Bain had cancelled her tickets to Japan, Burma and India, and had gone straight to New York instead, then to the hospital for observation and an operation and after that to the home of her son, Dr. Clarence Bain, Corning, Iowa. From there Mrs. Bain wrote me a long letter telling of her son's efficient care. She was getting stronger slowly and her appetite was better and more normal. She had no severe pains and slept well. She was reading, knitting and writing a little, because her arms were stronger. She told about her three grandchildren full of young life. She sent her sympathy in the recent loss of the husband of my daughter Elizabeth. She wrote of everything and complained of nothing. Then she grew worse and suffered until she passed into that "Other Room" where no more pain can touch her.

During her many years in Congo, able in everything she undertook, she touched hundreds of lives, guiding the young, relieving the sick and helping the Christians to grow strong and more unselfish. In my memories of Mrs. Bain a series of pictures come before me:—

Her only baby daughter, born at Kifwa, was not very strong. While we went to Ikoko with Lila, trying to rest some instead of going home, their darling baby died. Mr. and Mrs. Bain were alone with their grief and no doctor was near to help out. The school children, workmen and village friends came to the burial, passing by the small casket. The Africans do love the white babies so much. When the letter reached Ikoko about the baby's death how I wished that we could have been with them at that time.

The second picture shows Mrs. Bain visiting Kifwa, thirty years after the baby's death, as she and Steven Bangu walk up a lonely hill to see once more the little grave before leaving Congo for good; and now she has joined this little daughter, her husband and Lester, her son who died at home after reaching young manhood.

The third picture, one of many, is her rescuing an abandonned baby about eighteen months old, little Dinganga, one of the Sona Bata GOLD-DUST TWINS. On one of her visits to Mbanza Mbata she saw this baby lying outside on an old mat. His mother had died and the heathen grandmother was afraid of the return of her daughter for her baby, since he was so frail. So she put the baby outside, even at night, covered only with a dirty rag. Mrs. Bain's heart was touched and she asked the grandmother if she would like her to take Dinanga to the station. The grandmother shouted, "Yes, take the rotten baby with you". Mrs. Bain's girl carried little Dinganga to his new home, a white mama and plenty to eat. The poor baby was seen eating his own skin, which was peeling off because of dirt and dryness, as well as

lack of food. This boy grew up to be a Christian teacher in the Sona Bata field.

Here in Southern California we were looking forward to hearing Mrs. Bain tell us of the last news from Congo, its victories and needs, but this was not to be. Who will take Mrs. Bain's place?

M. Frederickson

HER SPIRIT

Mrs. Bain came to Vanga in January, 1925, at the age of fifty-nine. We all know how strongly attached every missionary becomes to a people and to a station where one has served for a period of years. Something of Mrs. Bain's spirit is therefore shown in her coming to Vanga. It would have been easier, at her age, to remain in Lower Congo with a people with whose language and customs she was familiar, and where there must have of necessity been many strong attachments But instead she consented to come to Vanga, to a new people and a new language area. Vanga was not then the more developed work of today and Kikongo was little understood as a language with our people. It must therefore have been at considerable personal sacrifice that she consented to come. It must also have been a great sacrifice to leave her colleagues of the Lower Congo to come to Vanga and to associate herself with a new and younger generation of missionaries who might radically differ in opinions as to policy and methods for the work. Her willingness is also indicative of her good sportsmanship and spirit of cooperation.

Mrs. Bain was a consistently hard worker, even

to the closing years of her service in Congo, always ready and glad to lend a hand in any needed service, or to enter upon any recreation or new venture. Her plan to return home by way of Cape Town and the Orient was typical of her life in this respect. Her years at Vanga found her serving in a great many capacities; with the medical during the furlough of Dr. Leslie in 1925-6, and with the station boarding school during our own furlough and that of the Halls in 1933-5. She greatly enjoyed several trips into the district, including one long trip in which she visited our sister station at Kikongo on the Wamba River. This too when she was going seventy years of age!

Mrs. Bain had a deep personal interest in and sense of need for the work with the women and girls. She sought in many practical ways to prepare the girls to become good and faithful wives and mothers, and spent many long hours talking with them individually or in groups in an effort to make the Christian way plain and applicable to their every-day lives. Wherein she had contact with the women she urged especially an active part in their own services.

She was justly proud of her forty years since first coming to Congo, and her grey hairs, as indicative of her years, were a source of wonder to the natives to whom, because of death by witchcraft of older people, such a sight was almost unknown. Surely she could have said with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day."

Lewis and Susie Brown

THE BAIN MEMORIAL AT KIMPESE

Mr. and Mrs. Bain were deeply interested in the Congo Evangelical Training Institution from its inception. Mr. Bain met with the first group of Swedish Mission, Baptist Missionary Society and American Baptist Missionary Union representatives to plan for its establishment. It was fully anticipated at that time that the Swedish Mission would cooperate in the undertaking. For a number of years Mr. Bain served most acceptably as a trustee of the school. It was only after his designation to Mukimvika that the difficulty of attending meetings from so inaccessible a station severed his active service on the Board of Management of the institution.

A propos of his service as trustee comes a good Sim's story, At a trustees' meeting over in the Moon house Dr. Sims was presiding. He was ever impatient of desultory discussion. While one was in process Mr. Bain noticed that the doctor was scribbling on a small pad of scratch paper, frequently detaching a sheet and dropping it under the table. This continued for some time and excited Mr. Bain's curiosity. So when the meeting adjourned he picked up the sheets to find written on one after the other in various types of script, "Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Mr. Bain came to Kimpese for medical advice shortly before he left Congo for the last time. He was far from well then and was probably suffering from the incipient disease which took both Mr. and Mrs. Bain from our ranks. His concern for the welfare of the school and for the development of a well trained native leadership was never keener than during that last visit to Kimpese.

Knowing that death was approaching Mr. Bain asked that his funeral expenses be kept at as low a cost as possible and that the saving be sent for the furtherance of the work in the Congo Mission. His wishes were scrupulously observed by the bereaved family. Friends were asked for contributions to this fund rather than to send flowers and a goodly amount was realized at the funeral. Later friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bain added thereto and Mrs. Bain cast about as to the most appropriate way in which to invest it as a fitting memorial gift. She finally decided that it should be here at Kimpese in a class room building and so we came to have our first three permanent classrooms in the Bain Memorial Building. Mr. Bain's portrait hangs in the central room and each new set of students hears the vital story of burial money invested in a building for their use while fitting themselves for Christian service in the land where Mr. and Mrs. Bain gave of themselves all they had to give in life as in death.

Catharine Mabie

Mama Bain knew the words of God, she had grown old in them. I think often of how she taught us about Him. She taught us too about our husbands, how we must obey them and then they must love us. When I entered the girls' school I didn't know if I would ever learn to read. But in the love of God Mama Bain persisted in teaching me. Now she is dead. But if we believe we shall one day meet again in Heaven.

One of her girls at Vanga

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time with its failures and fears,
With its hurts and mistakes, with its weakness and tears,
With its portion of pain and its burden of care,
One day at a time we must meet and must bear.

One day at a time to be patient and strong,
To be calm under trial and sweet under wrong.
Then its toiling shall pass and its sorrows shall cease;
It shall darken and die, and the night shall bring peace.

One day at a time — but the day is so long,
And the heart is not brave and the soul is not strong.
O Thou pitiful Christ, be Thou near all the way;
Give courage and patience and strength for the day.

Swift cometh His answer, so clear and so sweet:
Yes, I will be with thee, thy troubles to meet;
I will not forget thee, nor fail thee, nor grieve;
I will not forsake thee, I never will leave.

One day at a time, and the day is His day.
He hath numbered its hours, tho they haste or delay.
His grace is sufficient; we walk not alone.
As the day, so the strength that He giveth His own.

Author Unknown to us
(Contributed by Mrs. Leslie)

WIVES AND MOTHERS

Sunday May ninth was Mothers' Day in the United States. Here at Kimpese fathers of our E.P.I. families brought their babies born during the past year to an afternoon dedication service which you would all have enjoyed attending. There were twenty-three babies including Janet Morrish. This has become an annual service which we all look forward to with pleasure. The parents pledged themselves to bring up the children in the fear and admonition of the Lord and to try to keep the homes into which they had been born truly Christian. Their elder brothers and sisters in the kindergarten sang to them and the dedicatory prayer touched all our hearts.

We are appreciating the new Marx Memorial Maternity hospital recently finished and put into service. However, the confinement of our student wives in their own homes, attempting to have them somewhat cleaner and more hygienic than village homes wherein most babies will be born for many years to come, has a decided advantage from the teaching point of view, I believe. The care of the new born child in the E.P.I. home is more likely to be copied in the village home than is its care in the hospital ward. However, we are very thankful and appreciative of our maternity ward.

Final examinations have begun in the Womens' School. Yesterday I surprised the senior women, most of whom are finishing their course here this month, with a request that each write a composition on "The Duty and Responsibilities of the Wife of a Teacher." I want to share two or three of their papers with

NEWS LETTER readers.

Wumba, a B.M.S. Kibentele woman, wrote as follows: I am going out to show people the way of God. When they go out of the way I will try to bring them back. I must do this with kindness and love, not in anger or in a way to further drive them away. I will be a friend and visit the sick and help them, bringing food and water and wood. If a women cannot go to her garden because of the birth of a child I will go and work in her garden, but not for pay, only to help her, even when she is not a relative. We are all relatives in Jesus. I must not look down upon the ragged and dirty who have no money with which to buy cloth or soap. I may give such an one a little soap or even a small piece of old cloth to take away her shame. I will go and comfort those who mourn for their dead and teach them the way of hope. I want to show that I love the service we are entering. N.B. Wumba is a childless wife and we are all praying that she may find compensation in this service for others and that the marriage of these two able young people may not be broken because of its childlessness.

Ngalula, A.B.F.M.S. Tondo, one of Mrs. Joseph Clark's girls, last year buried a child here in this far away country. She held a bonny little girl in her arms Sunday at the dedication service, her only living girl. She says all her girls die and has been desperately afraid little Elene would not live. She comes to the doctor for every slight ailment of Elene's and the doctor is glad to have her do so. How little we white women know of the old haunting, superstitious fears of these Congo women, a heritage of long

centuries of ignorance and Animistic beliefs!

Ngalula writes: It is the duty of a teacher's wife to teach the younger children in the village school and to have classes for girls preparing them for baptism. Whatever work there is, whether it be cutting grass or cleaning the grounds around the church, she should get her hoe first and then call the other women to help her do the work. She must always lead them in doing such work. She should be a good friend to everyone in the town and not love some and hate others. She must be a good wife and mother. Must keep her house clean and cook appetizing food, not always serving the same kind of food cooked in the same way day after day. The other women in the town seeing her do these things will also do them. She must teach her own children to obey. She must also teach them to respect the laws of the church and the village chief. They must learn to be ruled, not to rule.

A teacher's wife should not be miserly with what she has, even if she has but little. She must share it with the needy. She should hold meetings for women and children and tell them Bible stories and teach them the way of God. Many things we women have learned at Kimpese we can tell them at these meetings. She should not want to rule over her husband or quarrel with him. If they do have difficulties they should talk together quietly in their own house so that no outsider can hear, The wife must not carry her anger against her husband in her face where others. can see it. She must not talk about her trouble with her husband with others. She and her husband must come to an agreement.

Whenever her husband goes on an itineration she should carry on his work in the school and church as well as she can, until he returns. She should not talk about bad and shameful things but about good matters. She must visit the sick and help them and comfort those who mourn who are Christians and help them to have faith in Jesus and the resurrection of the dead. She must never curse or ridicule. Must not be proud and haughty lest she spoil the good works she has done.

Nkutu, a first year B.M.S. Wathen student's wife, wrote: A teacher's wife has heavy burdens to bear. In every way she must lead but not with pride. She must be a friend and leader among the girls in the school and when they are playing evenings, she must see that they play without quarreling and learn to be ruled as well as to rule in their games. She should get other women in the town to help her with the girls evenings so that they may not play forbidden games or do wrong things secretly.

A teacher's wife may not remain in her own town where her garden is if her husband is sent to teach in another town. She must go with him always wherever he is sent and help him. She must not be angry or sullen about going. She must plant a garden A teacher's wife must not be lazy. We who have been taught about different kinds of food and different ways of cooking food at Kimpese can help the village women to plant more kinds of food.

Catharine Mabie

NOT BY MIGHT

We believe we have a fine graduating class. Last year we had none. The group that would have graduated was the first to be sent out for a year of village teaching before completing their course at the station school. When they came back to us last September their state of mind might best be described by a question mark. During their absence new missionaries had taken charge of the school, and strange stories of their doings had reached their ears. They had no intention of cooperating until they were sure what their status would be — they who had attained to the dignity of teachers and were now returning to be among mere school boys! There were only nine of them; half had been lost during the year, mostly through marriage – and we almost lost those nine as well as the next class below them.

It happened this way. The burden of the spiritual problems throughout our field made us desire to give these young men the very best of spiritual, as well as intellectual training for the tasks ahead, and perhaps the diet was a bit too heavy. Mr. Brown, as well as both of us, felt an increasing antagonism in their attitude toward us and our teaching, a growing resentment of the all-too-evident teachings of the Bible in regard to sin. They took very decided exception to our assertion that they owed a debt to the Mission and to their Lord for the years of training they had received, a debt which could be paid only in service. Their antagonism broke out one day in a Bible class which they shared with the fifth class, and they openly declared that they would attend school no longer

unless they could choose what they were to study. Both classes walked out.

For several days we tried various policies with them to no avail. Several sessions were held with them but their determination only grew, until we knew that we must bring things to a head. One evening Mr. Robbins called them all to the house. One by one we tried to probe into the thoughts of their hearts. I shall never forget that evening. I have never felt so keenly the reality of the Evil One and have never so shuddered at the awful power of an alliance with evil. Those lads had bound themselves together by a solemn oath that what happened to one they would all share. If one ringleader was dismissed they would all go. If the boy of the lowest character were sent away every one of those twenty-five boys would give up further opportunity for education, would give up his life purpose of serving the Lord, would betray the Mission that had meant new life to him!

Among those boys were some whose faces were hardened and bitter, who in those few days seemed to have been possessed with a spirit that was Satan himself. Others we knew had been true Christians, some who had worked in our house day by day and whom we loved for their faithfulness. In their faces we could read the anguish of their souls that they were having a part in this disgraceful thing. And yet without exception, they defied the Word of God and us, and they stood together as one man. Mr. Robbins sent them out late that night, our hearts heavy for we saw no way out. If need be we could stand the loss of our two upper classes, but we loved those boys!

I think it was long after midnight, after we had talked much, prayed and tried to rest, that Mr. Robbins told me that he had been shown the path of action. Early the next morning we cleared our living room and screened the windows and door that no curious eyes might peer in. Mr. Robbins with Samuel Luhonda, a teacher with a rare spiritual insight, called the two classes of boys together in that room. They were prepared for a seige of hours, or perhaps of days if need be; but they were there to pray and to search the Word of God with those boys until His Spirit came with such vividness that each boy would be either driven out as was Judas from the presence of his Master, or until he would submit to the power of that Spirit.

Mr. Robbins began by making the statement that there was one among them who had to go. He told them that he was there to pray until that one went. The boys were non-plussed. If one went they were all pledged to go. Whom did he mean? Did he really know who was the instigator of all this? He was saying it again very forcefully. "There is one among you who must go — and he is Satan." They read a bit of Scripture, Mr. Robbins prayed and then Samuel Luhonda, and then the boys were asked to pray around. Their prayers were cold at first, but before they had all finished the one who was to go fled in his cowardice, and one boy after another gave into the Spirit that was working in his heart. As they had rebelled in a group, so they came back, humble, repentant, and so happy.

They cheerfully took the punishment that had already been assigned to them and went back to school.

Since then there has been a growing eagerness and an increasing receptiveness to all that we can give them. They keep us on our mettle to keep pace with them.

The one whom we now know was the instigator had up to that time been our greatest disciplinary problem, and we had felt so surely that he had no intention of doing anything worthwhile with his training that several times we had been on the point of dismissing him from school. Since then he has been one of the most cooperative and fine-spirited boys we have. Little points of discipline still arise, but punishment and correction are taken by them all in a fine spirit. We feel that each one among them has gone through a real experience, and we know that we have. We do not know what the coming months will show in their lives, but we cannot think that they will soon forget their unhappy, though brief, alliance with the one who would seek to destroy their lives. They have seen him flee before the Spirit of God. We pray that they may call upon this same Spirit to rout out the sin they will find in many hideous forms in their coming work in the villages.

H. R. Robbins.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

"Kiambote! Where's Nsilu and where is the bride? Oh, what a crowd!" And there was. The Sona Bata railroad station was a lively scene. We were just returning from two weeks' medical work at Banza Manteke on the Wednesday express train. It had been market day at Madimba and from the third class, which was

literally packed, passengers with all sorts of bundles and loads were pushing their way off, shoving and tugging, some even attempting to make an exit by way of the window, while others were scrambling madly trying to force their way on to the train. Among the throng were some of our medical students, returning from their Christmas vacation, and with them was supposed to be Nsilu, who had gone home to his village to seek a wife.

"Oh, there he is! Kiambote, Nsilu!" I called as he finally managed to disentangle himself from the crowd.

"Kiambote, Mama!" he exclaimed, his face beaming with happiness. "Here she is — her name is Esita (Esther)!"

I was indeed glad to greet this bride, tall and slender, who snook hands with me, smiling shyly. For some time we had been hoping Nsilu would wish to get married. He is an unusually fine young man, a little older than the other students in our medical school, having first been a teacher in his village, following school training first at Banza Manteke, then at Kimpese, our training school for teachers and pastors. When he entered the medical school at Sona Bata two years ago, he brought with him a lovely wife, a woman of real Christian character, and three little children. In the spring she was taken ill with a disease of the liver and, after a period of two months, finally went to her Saviour.

"He was so devoted to her," said one of the missionaries in describing the death; for it took place before our arrival. "But never have I seen such real Christian conduct at the time of death. Tho you could

see how deeply he cared and how greatly he was suffering, yet not once did he give way to his grief, neither he nor his relatives who came here at the time. There was no public mourning nor wailing, only quiet Christian forebearance. What a beautiful thing for our people to see, many of whom cannot seem to overcome the old customs of wailing and mourning that have always been followed in this land."

And so the young husband was left, far away from his village and relatives, now to be mother as well as father to his three little girls, in additon to carrying on his studies and hospital duties, which claimed all his working hours from 6:00 in the morning till 5:30 in the afternnon. Lukeba, the oldest child, was ten and helped like the little mother that she was to do the household chores, carry water and wood, help father in the garden on Saturdays, and take care of the two little sisters. Many's the time Nsilu was to be seen wending his tired way to the stream, carrying the family wash, after his work at the hospital was over, or on Saturday, after a day working his garden plots, which all students are required to keep. Thus he carried on, doing his best to keep up with his medical studies and duties, as well as to take care of his little family.

Finally last November he came and said, "I must look for a wife in my own country (as they refer to the district from which they come). My children must have a mother to look after them and I too need a helpmeet. My elders (relatives) are trying to arrange a marriage for me at home. May I go during Christmas vacation and try to find a wife?"

Consent was readily granted and, at our little prayer groups, prior to his going, prayers were offered

that God might help him find the right one to be his wife. So he went, and two weeks later returned with his bride, as described above. It was not till the following week, however, that he told us how it all came about.

It seems when he returned to his village he found that his relatives had selected a woman who had already been once married and who had left her husband. Nsilu knew that she could not be God's choice for him. Again and again he sought guidance from his Heavenly Father, and finally asked his elders, many of whom were not Christians, to pray with him.

"Before I left Sona Bata," he told them, "my friends there prayed that God might help me find a good wife, a Christian. I know it is not right for me to marry the woman you have chosen. Won't you pray with me that God may show us His way?"

They prayed, Nsilu and one or two of his elders, and finally they gave in.

"All right, then. But whom will you marry?" they demanded.

Now that was a difficult question. The time was short; for he must be back at Sona Bata for the re-opening of school in less than two weeks then. To find a Christian woman and to know her character, her mode of conduct and of living, in short, to be sure she was "the one" — well, how could he? Nsilu knew there was only one way, and that was to trust fully in the Lord and let Him guide him. And he was led. The Lord never fails. The new wife is a lovely Christian woman. Nsilu's elders accepted her, the gifts were exchanged, the marriage payment made, and, after all the ceremonies required by native custom

were performed, they were married by their pastor in the little church.

And so they returned to Sona Bata, a happy bridal pair. They were very much in love. Several times in class I would see a dreamy look come into his eyes and a sweet smile flit across his face, and I knew where his thoughts were. Nor have the six months since then dimmed their happiness. Esita has entered whole-heartedly into the women's school, and in her home, contrary to the habit of many second wives, takes loving care of her three little stepchildren. Every evening after the family meal, they linger for prayers and God's presence is felt as they read His word and together wait on Him in prayer to seek His blessing and guidance in their home.

Katherine S. Freas

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS AND AFTER MANY DAYS THOU SHALT FIND IT AGAIN "

At the close of our Institute at Kizenga in the northern section of the Moanza field we held a conference with the deacons and key men and woman regarding their church and school problems. In this conference we tried to show how the laymen were responsible for a large share in this work and that the teacher ought not to be expected to do it all.

One after the other presented the difficulties they were encountering in their villages. One of the big problems was the marriage of Christian school girls to outsiders and especially to polygamous husbands. Many of them said that they were practically helpless to cope with this situation alone. Two fine women

spoke and there was no indecision on their part as they declared emphatically that they did not want their daughters to be married to unbelievers. Still others emphasized the perennial problem of giving.

By the way, this gathering was held in the chief's enclosure and so no one not entitled to be present was allowed to get through the gate. After a number had spoken and aired their difficulties or grievances, Mfumu Joseph rose to speak. At once respectful attention was given him as he commenced to recount and emphasize the points we had made as to how they could and should cooperate in building up and maintaining a good school and church. He told them that even those outside the church who sent their children to school should do their share in keeping up the school compound and helping to pay the teacher. Then he told his story:

"You know," he said, "how when I was a boy I went to work for a company. One day a Congo man and his wife came to the company to work with us. One of the first things we noticed about them was that they had a book, and he and his wife, too, could read in it. And he could write, too. I could not get over the wonder of it and after awhile I ventured to ask him if he thought I could go to Vanga and learn to read. He said he thought Dr. Leslie would take me in. And so I went to Vanga. There I was welcomed and Dr. Leslie and Mrs. Leslie also taught me.

"And now after these years I have been given this position by Bula Matadi and by you my Father's people, and I want you to have schools and to teach your children to read, for without these schools and

churches our country cannot be wise, or healthy, or pure.

"Again you know my story, how after I came back from Vanga I was baptized and joined the church. After awhile I married my wife. How happy we were until we had no children. Then I fell just as so many of you do. But I could not be happy. By and by a Christian brother came and talked to me and told me how wrong I had been in not waiting in faith as Abraham had done. I knew in my heart he was right. So I went to my own wife and asked her to forgive me and we prayed together asking God to forgive me, and we promised God that if He would give us a child we would give ourselves wholly to Him. Now God has given us our child. As your chief I want to say that there is no other way but God's way. I want to help you to have good schools and a clean church. I want you to work and have good gardens with plenty of food for your children and good houses to live in. I want you to have good roads so that men can come and buy the things you can raise in your gardens or make with your hands."

Thus spoke a Protestant chief in one of the finest districts of the Moanza field. And what he said was not all talk.

The Post he has built has a very good rest house, garage and kitchen for the state man's use when he visits him; a large "sombola" for carriers; a large chapel that serves for the regional school; a fine row of good houses on either side of the street for workmen, messengers and police; and at the end of the row his own house with wide verandahs and a full complement of outbuildings well kept up. Inside his house the walls are decorated

with native colors. I have spent eight days in his own house very comfortably. Mrs. Moon and I spent the days of our last Institute in the state man's house and the most serious lack we felt was light, but it didn't take long to make a window in the bedroom wall and then there was light. A small sum sufficed to make the repairs lest haply the state man might not want as much light as we.

The chief maintains a main auto highway from Dunda southward and a section of the route 1, Leo-Popo-Bulungu-Kikwit, from Kalonda on the Inzia to Kiwawa on the Luie, and many by-roads to posts up and down these rivers.

He has also built two or three excellent dispensaries for the Foreami and some really wonderful rest houses similar to the one at Kitunga where Mr. Brown, Mr. Atkins and I slept recently. If we had had a hotel register we could have assigned each one a room by himself and had two rooms besides, every room clean with a hard floor and a good roof overhead. And there was a little innovation which I will not mention but which showed how thoughtful natives can be of the niceties they would like their white friends to enjoy.

"Bread cast upon the waters," say critics of Missions, and it may be the "Preacher" was expressing his usual pessimism when he penned the text at the head of this article. But man's pessimism is God's optimism. Bread cast upon the waters of the Kwilu was found again one hundred and fifty kilometres away. Rivers and plains and great expanses couldn't stop it for it was "Living Bread".

Seymour E. Moon

ITINERATING

Last Saturday the rising sun shone brightly on the African path which wound like a ribbon over hill and valley, but the hills did not seem so steep, we were going home after two difficult weeks of visiting schools among five different African tribes. I was tired, my carriers were tired. For two weeks they had been feet for the white mama so that she could travel far distances and aid in resuscitating the village schools.

Because of the limited time, I stopped at central villages and called in the adjacent village schools for examination. After completing examinations we gave demonstration lessons, putting across the program which we want our village schools to follow. That includes reading, writing, arithmetic, hygiene, Bible memory work and Bible stories. The need of equipment is great and in the central schools we made blackboards out of clay, ant hill clay, starch and charcoal for a surface. We made desks of bamboo, tied neatly with raffia. Little boys went down by the river to find chalk to use on their new boards. Some of the boys made individual boards out of soft wood planed with their native knives. Swana assisted me and we both felt the challenge of the village school work. The children were enthusiastic and eager to equip their schools and all worked together with a happy spirit. African boys and girls need devices to keep their interest. There is so much to call them away from school: the call of the forest, hunting, fishing, bathing in the cool stream. The desire for money and clothes lures many of our intelligent boys away

to the companies. We must hold these fine young men or the future of our work is in peril. In order to hold them we must have trained teachers. In one of our large villages about twenty women, men, girls and boys were sitting on the ground for their reading lesson. Before them was a lad of about 10 years and a reading chart. "Repeat after me," he said, "Tala lala," etc. Over and over the class repeated the words after him. "Teacher, show me the word lala on your chart." Poor little teacher was humiliated, for he had memorized the chart and did not know one word on it. Just one of many little boys doing his best with little opportunity for his own advancement. Will you pray with us about this problem.

Everywhere the women and girls were appealing to me for help. Polygamy is prevalent. A girl is bought and sold like merchandise. Poor young Sikisa prays with a broken heart, for her young husband has been lured away from her by another woman. Adultery prevails. Some of our girls have been lured and tempted by pretty clothes and money offered by white men. Christ must touch every part of the village life if we are to have Christian villages. Pray for our women and girls.

The struggle between heathenism and Christianity is great. At Kifunga, one of our established Christian villages, fifty boys had been circumcised. Fetish ceremonies and shameful dances accompany the entrance of the boys into the tribe. The boys came to the camp fire service and I pleaded with them as Christians to refuse the heathen ceremonies. They promised me that they would, but the heathen relatives won, for far into the night I could hear their

chanting and dancing. I finally went to the hilltop where they had gathered, but they saw my light and when I arrived they had dispersed. Some came to where I stood, and listened while I prayed that young Africa might have the courage to stand out against the old and evil. In the shadows sat the elders urging the boys to continue their dancing, but there was no more dancing that night. The boys were grieved the following day to find that the pastor had temporarily removed their names from the church roll.

The last night of my itinerary I was awakened at dawn by the cries of a woman in distress. The evil spirits were displeased because the white woman of God had slept in their village. During the night a witch had bound the distressed woman and beaten her. She was heralding the bad news throughout the village. I must tell you about a dream which distressed our little helper, Kololo. He was ill in December and one night a man stood over him and said, "Kololo, you have sinned much in your life and you must die". Kololo said that he cried for mercy but received none. The man bore down upon him until he found his life leaving him. For days the child lived in fear until he could stand it no longer and came to me to interpret his dream for him. I felt very humble as I talked to that child. Kololo has given his heart to Christ. Pray that he may be true to his calling.

One night after the camp fire service I went into the open thatched shelter where I was to sleep. I prepared for bed, prayed and was soon asleep under my mosquito net. I was annoyed to find rain pouring

on my bed in the night and arose to move it. Not three feet from my bed was a big snake glaring at me. I called my carriers who were sleeping in a sombolo nearby. They were delighted for it meant a midnight feast of roast snake for them. How real Psalms 121 was to me that night: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber". I have learned to walk alone with God during these days, to hear His voice in the quietness of the dawn as we traveled from place to place. I have seen Christ in the beauty of the African sunset. He has spoken to me through African men, women and children. I have had disappointments, but always reminded that it is not my work but His work, I can only pray:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak but Thou art mighty.
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

Baby Kubia, whom I rescued in December, is picking up a little. She has the body of a baby of five months and yet she is actually between two and three years old. No record is kept in this country of birthdays. The mother died when Kubia was born in a dark, dirty, mud hut. Her father did not want her. An aunt nursed her a few weeks, and the babe was left to face a hostile world. I found the little scavenger on the outskirts of a village, nearly starved. For the first time in her life she has felt clothes on her emaciated little body. She spends her days on my verandah eating, playing and sleeping, she seldom cries. One of our teachers told me that he was glad I had taken

the baby, for in this land motherless babies have a terrible curse upon them. Before the state intervened they were buried alive in the grave of the dead mother. Pray for the babies of Congo.

Ruth Dickey

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By actual count we corrected over a thousand papers during examination week at the close of school at Kikongo. This would have been a more tedious job than it actually proved to be if some of the answers had not provided a little "spice of life." We are passing a few of these answers on:

Q. How long were the children of Israel in the wilderness? A. 75 years. Q. What did they have to eat? A. Nothing at all. (On another paper): They had five loaves and two fishes.

Q. Whom did Noah take with him into the ark? A. The twelve tribes.

Q. Explain the use of the skeleton in the human body. A. It is useful to show to classes in physiology.

Q. How are disease germs spread? A. Through doors and windows.

Q. Why should we let sunshine into our house? A. Because we are cold.

Q. Name three things that kill germes. A. Chenopodium, quinine, hypodermic injections.

Q. What is the difference in the water of the rivers and that of the ocean? A. You can go in a canoe on the rivers, but you have to use a steamer on the ocean.

Q. Explain the north and south poles. A. The

north pole is where the teacher sits and the south pole is where the pupils sit.

In one examination we had given a choice of twenty out of twenty-two questions. One boy wrote at the bottom of his paper: "I answered all the questions. You yourself take out those that are not much good."

And on a par with the above was the answer of a boy in class one day when the colonial government had been discussed. The officers had been named in the order of ascending rank from the territorial agent whose work is supervised by his superior, the administrator, up to the colonial minister in the king's cabinet, whose superior is the king himself. When somebody asked who supervised the king's work, Ngumba said, "I don't know; but I imagine it is his wife."

Another day, great surprise was expressed when the fact was brought out that the water in the ocean is salt, until Matobu said scornfully, "Of course it is salt. Anybody could know that. Where else would they get all the salt fish that we buy at the Portuguese trading places?"

R. Armstrong

VANGA NEWS

Following the wake of the world at large our Congo is rapidly diminishing in size. Mr. Brown and Mr. Robbins have just completed an itineration lasting ten days, during which time they visited some center of every church district in our field. They visited nine centers and covered approximately 1200 kilometers. This was made possible only by the possession

of the Moon's light truck, for our old heavy truck was too cumbersome and too expensive to run to be of great usefulness in itineration. It will be understood that this was only a brief emergency itinerary.

Several days ago Mr. Atkins came in from Moanza with a heavy truck making the trip in one day. As this is being written the Browns, Dr. Osterholm and Mr. Atkins, together with the Vanga and Moanza delegates to the native conference, are preparing to drive to Banningville, saving both time and money. Unfortunately roads are not always so passable and trucks are not always so well-behaved.

The month of May is a busy one (as usual) at the hospital. With a week yet to go, the records show 700 cases treated. Due to a case of smallpox in a nearby village, Dr. Osterholm vaccinated two entire villages, totaling 1000 people.

Limited finances made it necessary to close our school early and our Commencement Exercices were held on May 3. After a year filled with many disciplinary problems we were gratified with the excellent spirit of cooperation with which the whole student body participated in the strenuous preparations for the Day. The exercises were attended by Monsieur DeNil, our local government official, and several representatives of the H. C. B. The former had a share in the program and showed considerable interest. He made us a gift of 250 francs to be awarded to the most worthy students, and he promised to spend even more time with us next year. We are grateful to him for his interest, which has certainly given an impetus to our students, and a realization that the government is behind our school program, although it is primarily

religious. We are happy that all of our nine graduates have entered into some type of mission work, and we are earnestly praying that the lure of larger salaries offered by commercial organizations may not entice them away from the "pay that is better than gold".

Helen Robbins

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
— 1893 —

August 8, 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Fred and I started on a trip to see, for the first time, the beautiful and mighty Songo Falls. The Nzadi Nkisi (River of Charm) is one of the larger tributaries of the Congo River in the cataract region, with only a few miles from Songo Falls to where the rivers meet. It took more than two hours and a half to walk from Kindzila, and the hills are high. We had two hammocks between the four of us, so we had a rest once in a while.

Soon we heard the thundering sound of the falls, but could not see them. The course of the river turns abruptly at a right angle, and from the bank overlooking the great gorge below, between hills, we saw, several hundred feet right in front of us, the Songo Falls, foaming and rushing down over a depression in the hill, down a hundred feet into what looked to us like a bottomless pit where the river appeared like a narrow stream flowing towards the Congo River and finally to the Atlantic Ocean.

The boys, Mrs. Nelson and I crossed from one rock to another and then stood speechless on a very

large rock which was loose but safe. The foam rushed about us with such force that we could not hear each other's voices. The waters have hollowed out large rocks and smoothed them round inside — like cooking pots. Fred let himself down 20 feet, then he caught me and then we went another 20 feet until we stood on a ledge against which the rushing waters strike and rebound, causing a spray to rise some 400 feet into the air. And this was the dry season. What must it be like in the rainy season! Fred stood on a soapbox for four hour before he could get a good photo of the falls, because of the spray, but he succeeded, and we have an enlarged colored picture of it.

Across the gorge from us we saw banana trees growing and we wondered if people lived here many years ago, as in Congo the banana trees are planted within the towns.

Poor Mr. Nelson who had had a temperature of 104 the day before now had a chill. He was soon put into a hammock and carried home. It was dark when we returned and we were very tired, but we shall always treasure the memory of this day at Songo Falls.

* * * *

A woman had promised her little daughter Diasuka to me for one month. I was so pleased over having the first girl on our station, but two weeks later, one night, the mother knocked at our door after we had gone to bed. She had come to take the girl back because the future husband of Diasuka (she was

only eight) was afraid she might become a Christian. He threatened to demand the dowry back, and would refuse to marry the girl. He was mad and had gone to the chief of her town, demanding that he should bring her back, or he would kill him. As the girl was asleep Fred told them to calm down and sleep on the station until morning. So next day little Diasuka very reluctantly said goodbye to her white friends. May God some day give us victory for the liberating of these little girls out here, sold into marriage at such a tender age. When the dowry is paid the man can demand the girl.

* * * *

Smallpox has come to the district. Fred and I are busy vaccinating the school boys and anyone who dares submit themselves to the "Black Art". A woman timidly asked if it were a "Fetish". I said, "No". Then she asked, "Is it God?" "No, it will keep you from getting the smallpox", then she was willing.

* * * *

November 17th, Fred met the commssaire, Mr. Costerman, and three Jesuit missionaries who are to found a mission at Kisantu. Two of these had called at our station: a priest, Rev, Muelemester, and a frère. They will be rather near to our field, where we have been working since 1890, but Fred, being asked, told the commissaire that a station at Kisantu might not hinder our work. The commissaire

advised us to build our permanent station at Madimba.

M.M. Frederickson

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS

We of the Leo staff have had the privilege of meeting an unusually large number of our colleagues during the past few months. Late in April Mama and Tata Moon arrived from the Kwango area and spent several weeks with us while finishing charts and lesson guides. Then Alice Jorgenson came to sail with them on the May 6th boat. How we shall all miss Mama and Tata Moon, their work in Congo well done but not completed, and who will carry on?

Next arrived the Bubecks, then the whole Kikongo staff and the H.D. Browns. The latter together with the Tuttles, Smiths and Mrs. Bubeck sailed for furlough on May 20th. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Bubeck in this separation and we pray for Mrs. Bubeck and the baby renewed health and strength.

The Armstrongs while awaiting Reference Committee meetings journeyed on to Banza Manteke where Mr. Armstrong was this year's commencement speaker.

Then arrived the L.A. Browns, Dr. Osterholm, Mr. Atkins and the Metzgers from up river and the entire Banza Manteke and Kimpese staffs with all of Sona Bata, except Mrs. Freas; and the Reference Committee sessions, which really should have been called a Conference, began June 5th. At the same time native delegates, men and women, arrived from every station for the native conference. More in the next number about their interesting discussions.

We closed school the last of May for our one month's vacation. But a treasurer's figures never cease to pile up and bookshop orders know no vacation, which is also true of our program of church activities. Now the sociable days are over, school is again in full swing, but still our colleagues come and go. The Robbins are down from Vanga and Miss Dickey has come from Moanza for dental care. Dr. Osterholm has been helping with his knife in the hospital at Sona Bata since Reference Committee meetings. This week he went to Matadi to meet Mrs. Osterholm and Kathryn Jean.

Miss Bonar and Dr. Witt, who sail from Europe this month, returning to the field, have been designated to Banza Manteke and ~~Moanza~~ Sona Bata, respectively. The Lanoues and Miss Ehnbom will go to Sona Bata, Miss Tice and Mr. Carpenter and his bride to Banza Manteke. Miss Cooper goes from Banza Manteke to Kikongo.

We were so sorry to hear that the Sodergrens definitely cannot return due to her health. It must be a great disappointment to them and we know it is a loss to the work in Congo.

Margaret Hall

I saw a star hung in the sky,
A witness from God's throne,
To tell us He is ever nigh
To watch and care for His own.

Mildred Long

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

To God upon Whose footstool we may kneel
To receive His blessing and to feel
That we are His, to mould and make,
We give our thanks.

From God the power to work and love and live
Comes to us if we but give
Our all to Him,
To guide and lead.

God's abundant strength makes ours seem weak;
And all He asks, that we but seek
To know His way—
To do His will.

So cast out fear,
And cast out sin
That He may have the lead:
Lift up your heart,
Lift up your eyes
And turn your wish to deed.

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